

# FLEISCHER'S ANIMATED NEWS

VOL. II

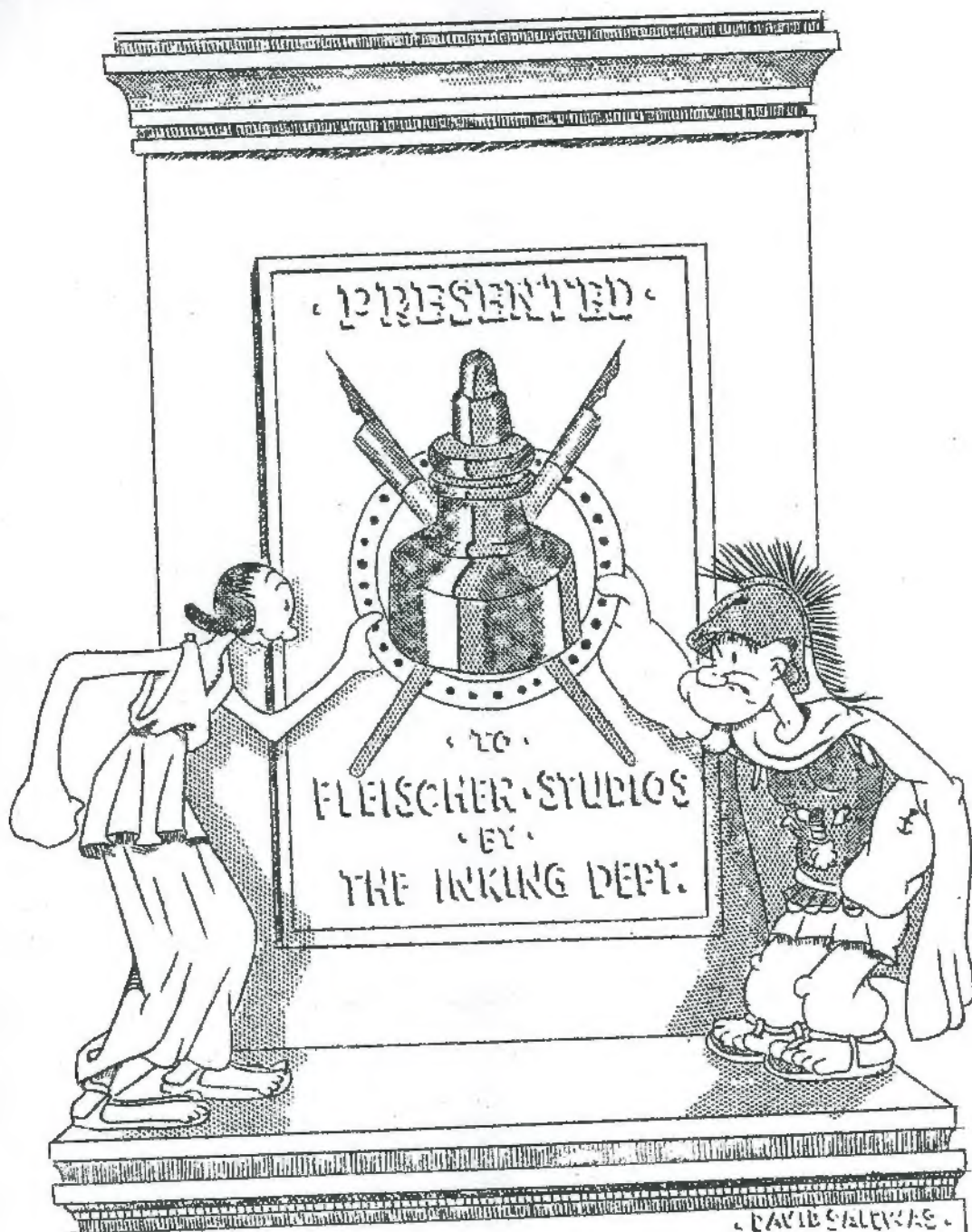
NOVEMBER 1936

NO. XII



AARON KRAWETZ +  
HARRY LAMPERT.





LOOKING BACKWARD  
1931-1936.

Turning the clock backward brings to light the many changes since my first day in the Studio.

Most our animators were opaquers then and these were but a handful or two. There were about 75 people in the organization, occupying three rooms on the tenth floor. In those days, promotions did not necessarily mean going to another room or floor.

With the addition of Popeye and his party and the color cartoons to the Betty and bouncing ball pictures, lack of necessary space sent us first to the fourth and then to the eighth and fifth floors.

The complete absence of individual departments, public announcer, newer systems, messengers, Studio magazine, Relief Fund, Convenience Club, hospital and nurse did not prove much of a drawback. Since we all occupied the one floor, we ran our own errands. Unfortunate cases always received sympathy from everyone and our illnesses were generally cured by aspirin or eye-wash. For means of proving talent, there was the gentle act of leaving drawings on the back of one another's desks.

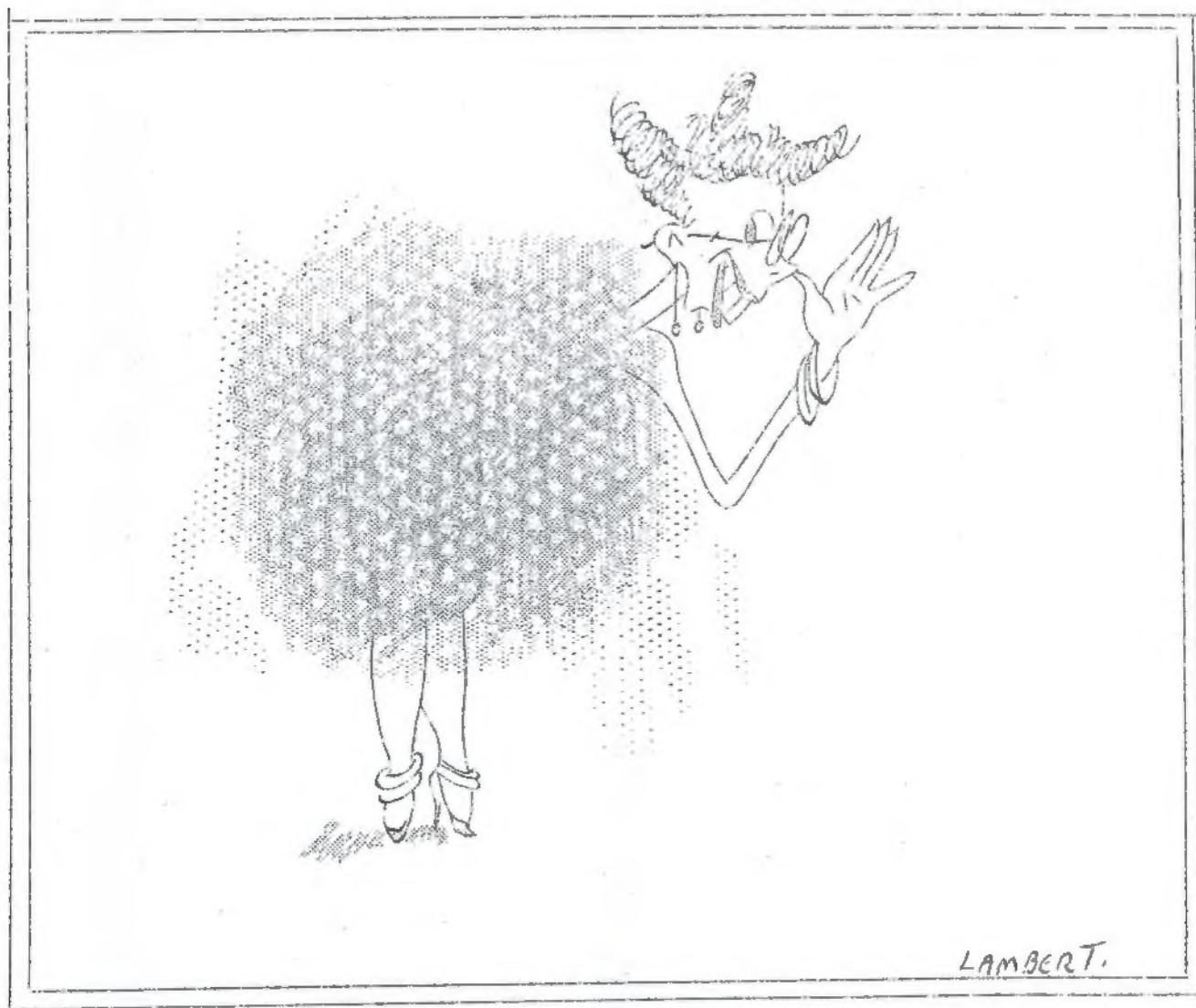
Studio weddings were as popular then as they are now. Many a week brought to light two or three coming weddings.

We were banded close together and one man's party was every man's party. Frequent luncheons and outings gave us the opportunity to become better acquainted. Numerous lasting friendships were the results. The annual Christmas Dinner proved to be successful not only as a get-together, but in bringing out the talent to be had in our organization.

It would make an interesting pictorial review, could we re-enact before the camera these changes as they have taken place.

Sydol Solomon.

*Why* WATCH THIS SPACE?



IT GETS *DOPIER*  
EVERY ISSUE!





# TENTH

BY  
JASON



Thanks to this issue of the "Animated News," we finally have our own Aaron Krawetz coming out in the open minus the smoked glasses. For the many who have wondered about him, we forthwith uncover the why and wherefor of his existence.

On April 1, 1913, before Russia had any plans, Aaron breathed the first breath of air. April Fool's Day was celebrated even long before this day, so we'll just regard it as coincidental. With the Great War making its debut on the Continent at that time, the first son of Krawetz still in his tender years, experienced the horrors of war. Not suiting his fancy, Aaron decided that Europe wasn't the coolest place to live and consequently he persuaded the family to migrate to America. By this time a little girl

was added to the family and despite Aaron, she's still his sister.

Once in the U. S. A., he was kept out of mischief by attending school here in New York. As a school boy he took pride in the fact that he never played hooky, but when he reached his high school years, the temptation was too great. It was at that time that Aaron's ambitions toward a goal in the business world became aroused and since that time he has gradually reached the position he now holds. He left school early and after working at various jobs, he finally acquired a job as errand boy at Fleischer Studios.

Poking his nose about in the various departments, it was only natural that he soon became well acquainted with the different phases of animation. To date he has officially been employed in almost every department: Planning, Timing, Camera and Inking. In the Inking Department you find him head keeper of the "Cel scratchers."

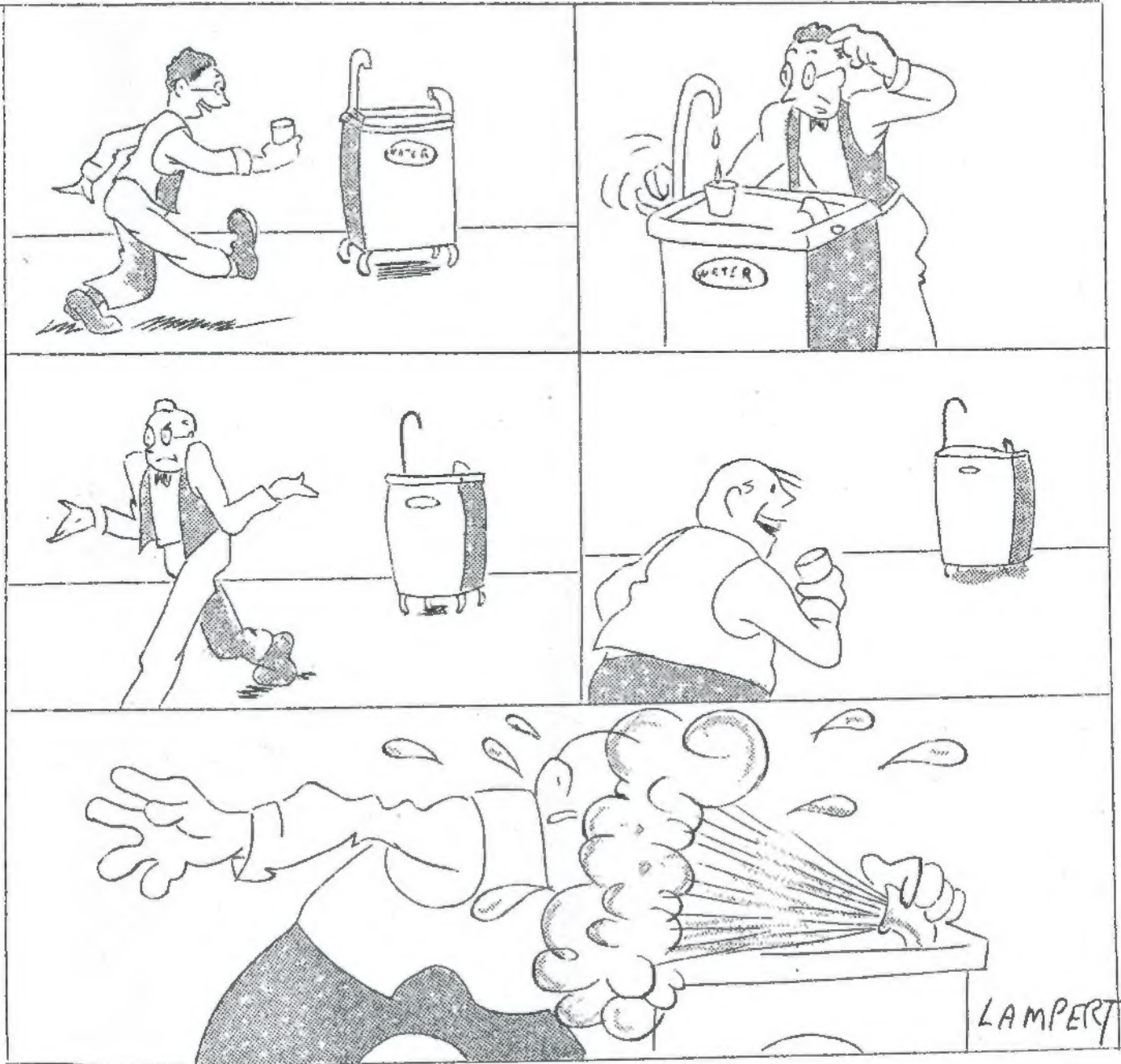
We hardly ever see Aaron indulge in anything other than his regular work, but we did learn that he spends a lot of his spare moments either hunting or photographing. Photography has become his chief hobby and as for his hunting, ask the guy who was his last object of detection, or hit by one of his clips.

Talk about anything and Aaron is interested, feed him anything and he's hungry and even more so when the dishes are herring or Borscht. He smokes about a pack and a half of cigarettes a day. One pack of Chesterfields and the rest assorted. His pet aversion is shaving. He dreams of the time he may go for days with a heavy beard growth.

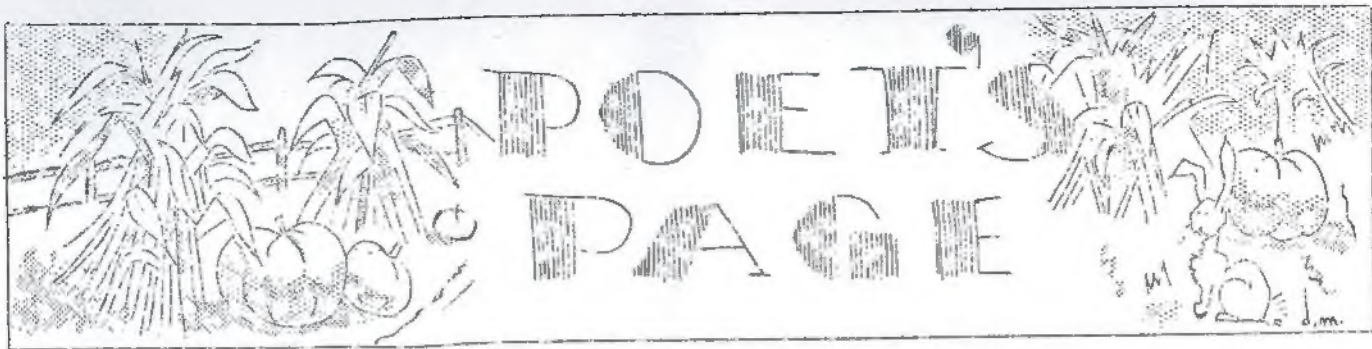
At present the great light of his life is Bert Platt. She's the tops where Aaron is concerned and vice versa. We all expect the wedding bells to ring for them soon and everyone joins in wishing them great happiness.

A MIRAGE

OUR DEPARTMENT'S AN OASIS  
FOR 'BETWEENERS AND WHATNOT  
BUT SOMETIMES IT'S JUST A DESERT  
'CAUSE OUR COOLER'S NOT SO HOT!





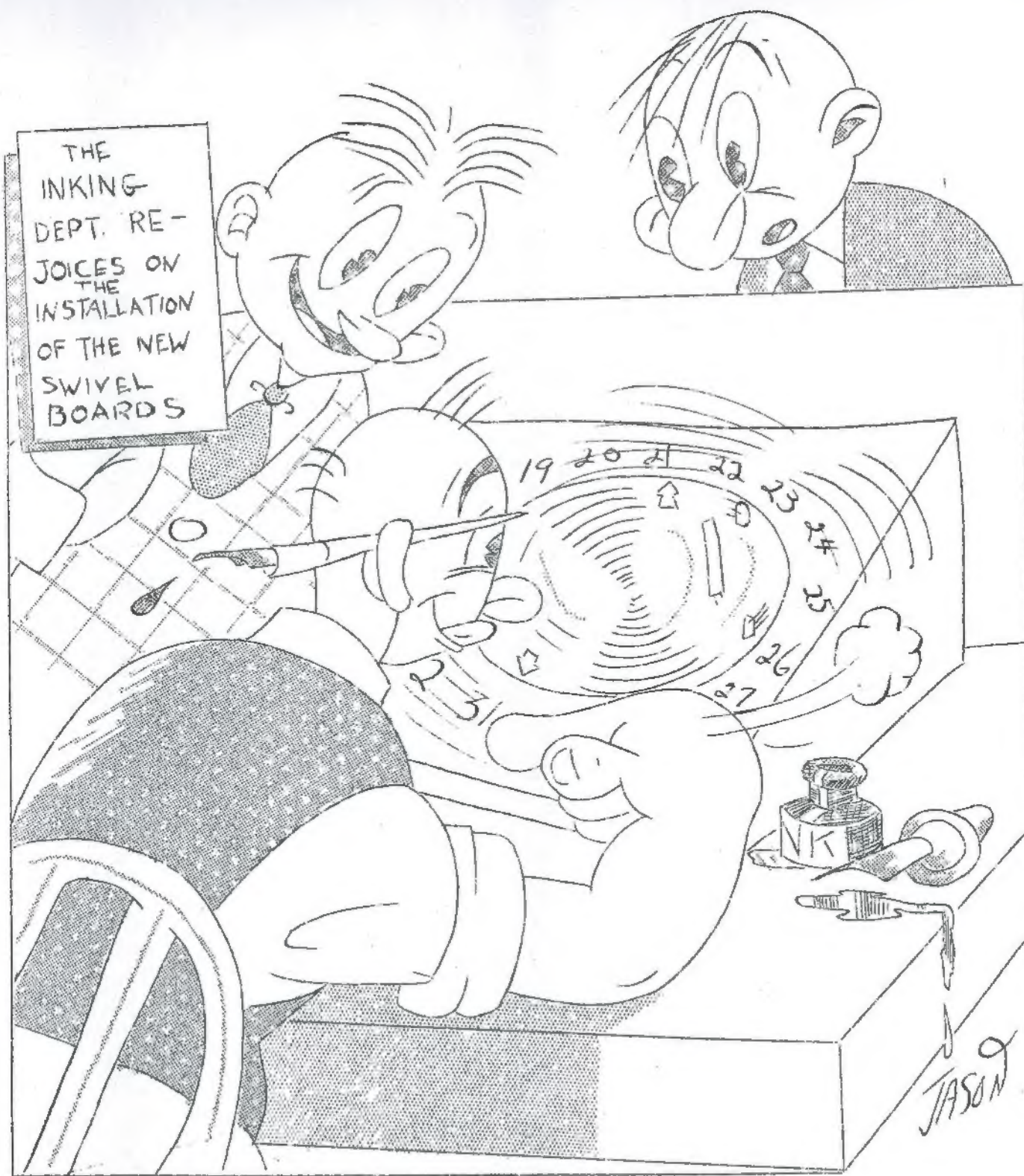


FROM AN EX-INKER  
or  
THE WORSE OF EXPERIENCE.

I worked for the Studio when I had my youth,  
Remember me gang? Max's daughter, Ruth.  
I miss all you gals and all the swell boys,  
And the old tenth floor and all of the noise.  
I miss the brushes, the paint and the ink,  
Even the number four grey and all of its stink.  
I miss the old lunch hour games of poker,  
When the deuces were wild and used as the joker.

I miss Edith, Bowsky, Vera and Nelly,  
Kitty, Schettler, and Sparber's fat belly,  
I miss you all a lot you can bet,  
If I hadn't met Seymour, I'd be working there yet.  
Now I'm the mama of two healthy brats,  
I'm just a plain housewife with brooms and mats.  
I cook and I clean and I save paper bags,  
Yet I manage to give Seymour all his good gags.

So girls, if you want to escape my horrible fate,  
Say "No," when an animator asks for a date,  
'Cause if you say "Yes," it's plain to tell,  
You'll be missing the same things that I do -- like Hell!  
Ruth F. Kneitel.



"THREE TO ONE  
ON THE RED"





# Timothy

By

— LOU FREEMAN —



Sam Robinson, was born in a push cart on the East Side, with a wooden spoon in each hand. He handled these two instruments with such great dexterity, that he became famous. Sam started to draw at an early age. His ability was so poor, that he went to art school at night, so nobody would be able to see his mistakes. He finally decided to become an etcher. He thought that would be a good way to get the girls to call on him.

Sam almost got married last year, but he ran away from the girl when she and her uncle tried to make a fish peddler out of him. Sam likes fish, but not that well. Then, to make the old man sore, he beat him at a game of handball.

His breadth equals his height. He doesn't know how much he weighs. Any decent scale with common sense, will run away when it sees Sam Robinson coming. I asked him what foods he preferred to eat. He thought the question so ridiculous that he laughed right in my face. I was not at all pleased, for Sam had just eaten an onion sandwich. He is carnivorous, never come near him if you happen to have a mustard stain on your necktie, because he'll eat you like a sandwich, necktie and all.

If it weren't for his brother, Sam would be a nudist. He even sleeps in his brother's underwear.

His favorite hobbies are out-door sketching, reciting his own poetry, (Heaven forbid you should hear it!) and an added hobby, is that of carrying his stomach around with him.

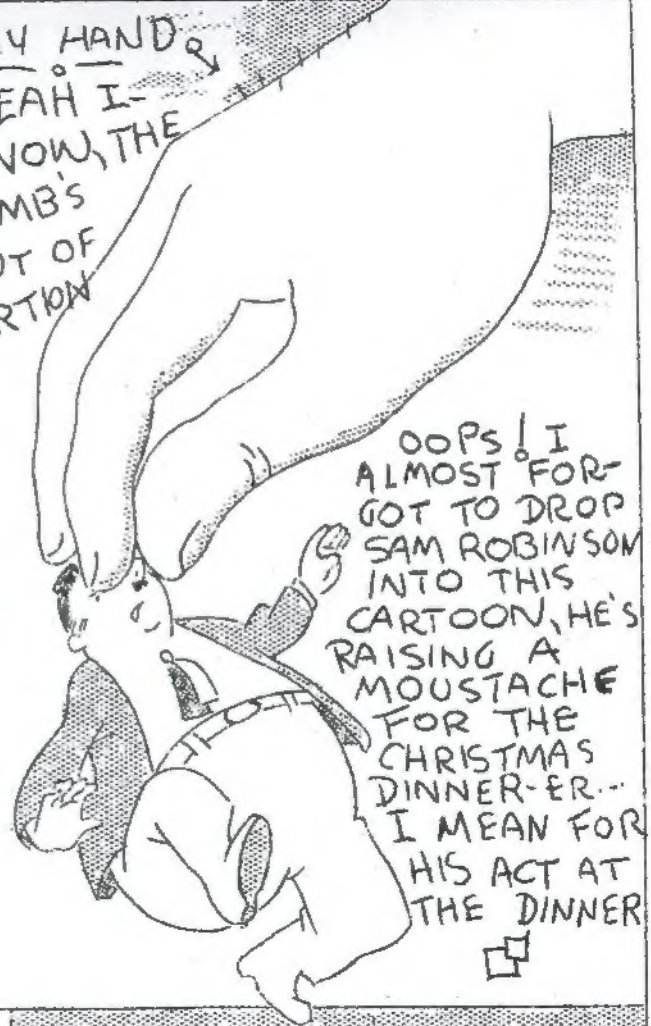
Because of his inability to speak English, he uses a strange dialect which is very hard to understand. At other times he talks like a baby.

Sam believes in Rousseau's theory of going back to nature, "Act natural!" says he. If you ever go to the Bronx Park Zoo, you will see Sam dressed in his brother's underwear, having friendly chats with hawks, pigeons, lions, tigers, snakes and gorillas.



# W-LIGHT OF THE MONTH

MY HAND  
YEAH I-  
KNOW, THE  
THUMB'S  
OUT OF  
PROPORTION



OOPS! I  
ALMOST FOR-  
GOT TO DROP  
SAM ROBINSON  
INTO THIS  
CARTOON, HE'S  
RAISING A  
MOUSTACHE  
FOR THE  
CHRISTMAS  
DINNER-ER...  
I MEAN FOR  
HIS ACT AT  
THE DINNER

THEY'RE OFF... ER I MEAN MAX  
IS OFF... AH... I... ER... MEAN HE'S  
OFF FOR FLORIDA AGAIN—  
WHEW!!

NICE  
ACTION?

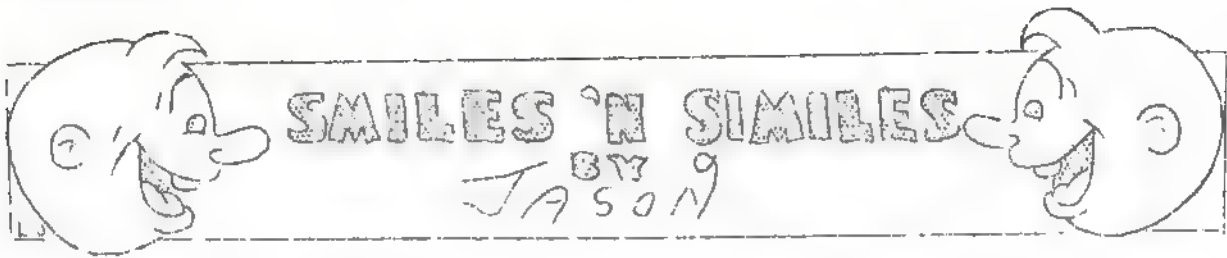


ELI HAS  
PROOF ASK  
HIM



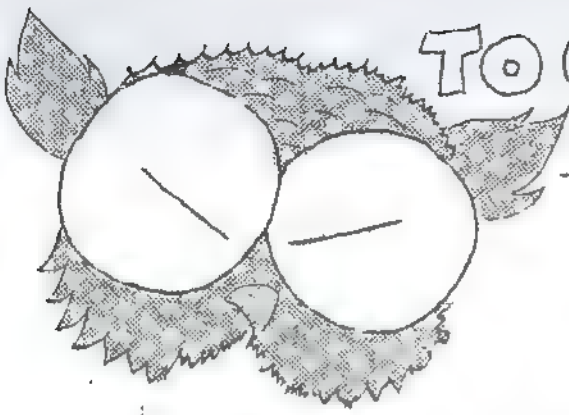
ELI  
-GILL  
FOX-LEVITAN BECOMES ONE OF  
COUNTRY'S ACE SPORTS ARTISTS





As positive as a boss' negative answer.  
As inseparable as Zully Szenics and his bottle of milk, or Eli Levitan and his sports news.  
As daring as whistling a melody when Aaron is around.  
As big as "Big Bertha" Nadel.  
As important as Henry Schoenthal catching his bus.  
As rare as the employee who doesn't think he deserves a raise.  
As school-boyish as Gilbert Fox.  
As valueless as an inker with a chill.  
As exciting as Amita Calpini's eyes.  
As similar as Harry Lampert and Sophie Korff.  
As virtuous as Dave Salcwas.  
As full of anxiety as peeping into the Cotton Club dressing room.  
As real as Sam Robinson's guffaws.  
As sharp as the crease in Johnnie Bida's trousers.  
As good as Bob Barbour thinks he is.  
As abstract as some of Lou Freeman's creations.  
As anticipated as Aaron's smile.  
As perpetual as Leah Berlinger.  
As alluring as the drinking fountain.  
As rural as Ellsworth Barthen.  
As unconvincing as Joe Battiferano.  
As sophisticated as Sydel Solomon would like to be.  
As laissez-faire as Albert Evans.  
As uninteresting as inking after six o'clock.  
As exhausted for similes as your correspondent is.

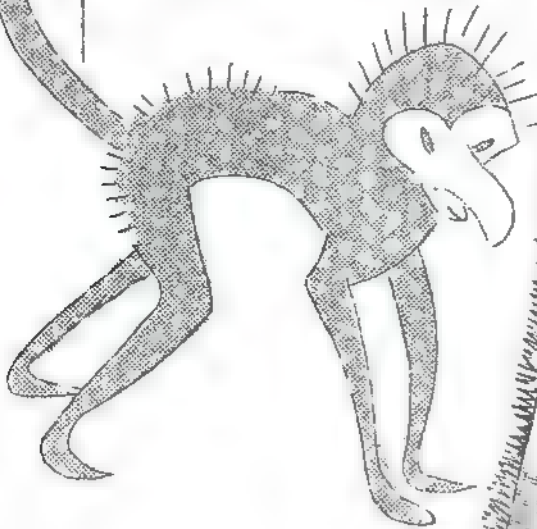
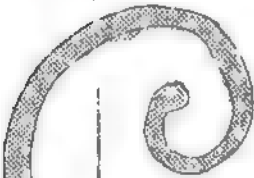
# TO OUR PUBLIC-



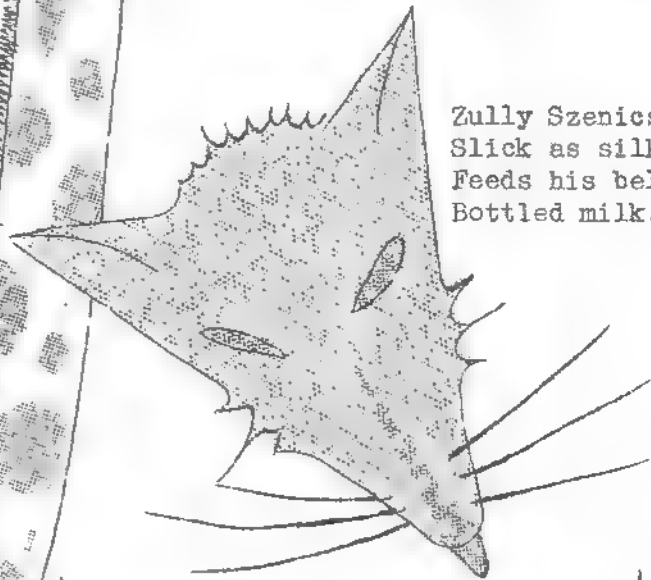
Eli Levitan is the name,  
Sports-cartooning is his  
game.



Not that I object, but  
Harry Lampert needs a  
haircut.



Zully Szenics  
Slick as silk,  
Feeds his belly  
Bottled milk.



If ever you make a  
zoological tour,  
Don't you miss up on  
Bob Barbour.

Sydel Solomon  
Tall and fair,  
Keeps her nose  
Up in the air.



LOU  
FREE  
MAN





# TRANSFER

BY

SAM ROBINSON



Why Lou Freeran was born, remains a mystery. Scientists and police officials are still puzzled. Professor Einstein went into consultation at the time and considered him a prodigy who is really living in the fourth dimension.

In his childhood, he had many adventures, to wit: At the tender age of four he almost drowned in a brook. A duck came to the rescue and allowed our little hero to hold on until help arrived. (They're still looking for the duck). Shortly afterward he fell off a swing and landed on his head. (He's been going around in circles ever since). An electrical storm was next on the list and Lou was struck by a bolt of lightning. In front of his back, too.

He has been hailed as an intellectual genius and it is this department's opinion that this fact is certainly true. (How else could he chisel his weekly pay check?)

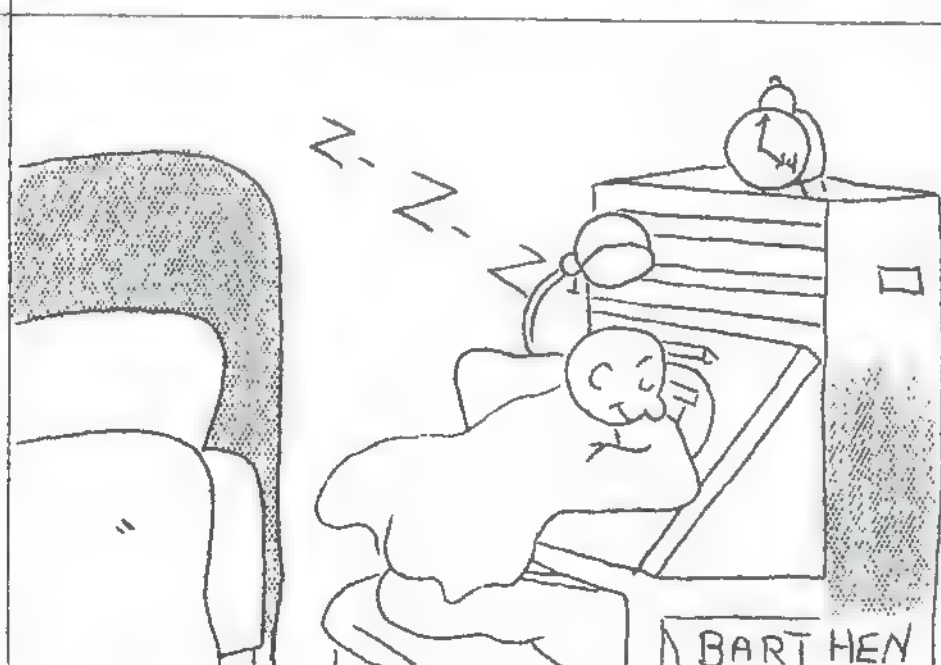
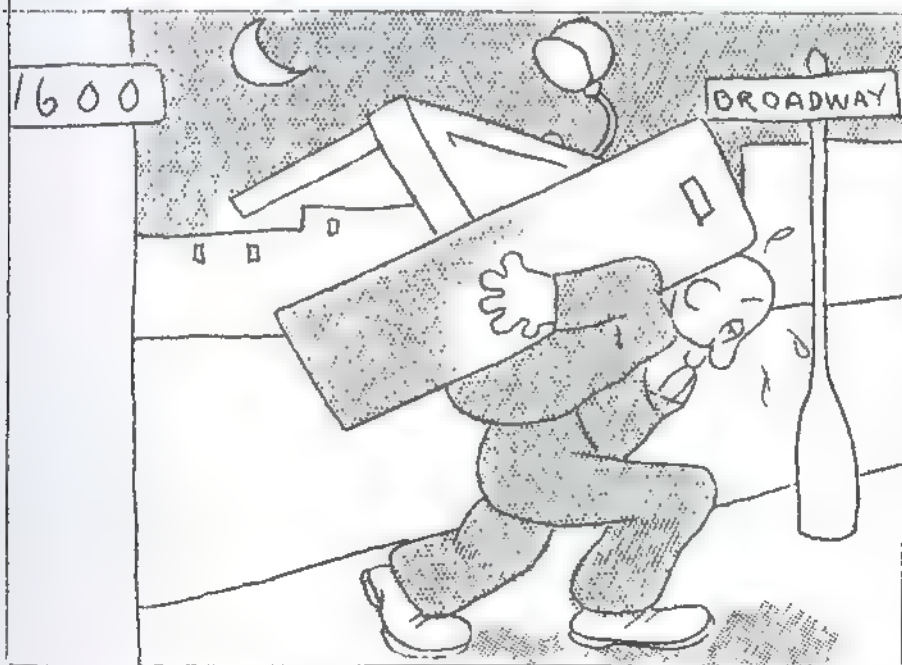
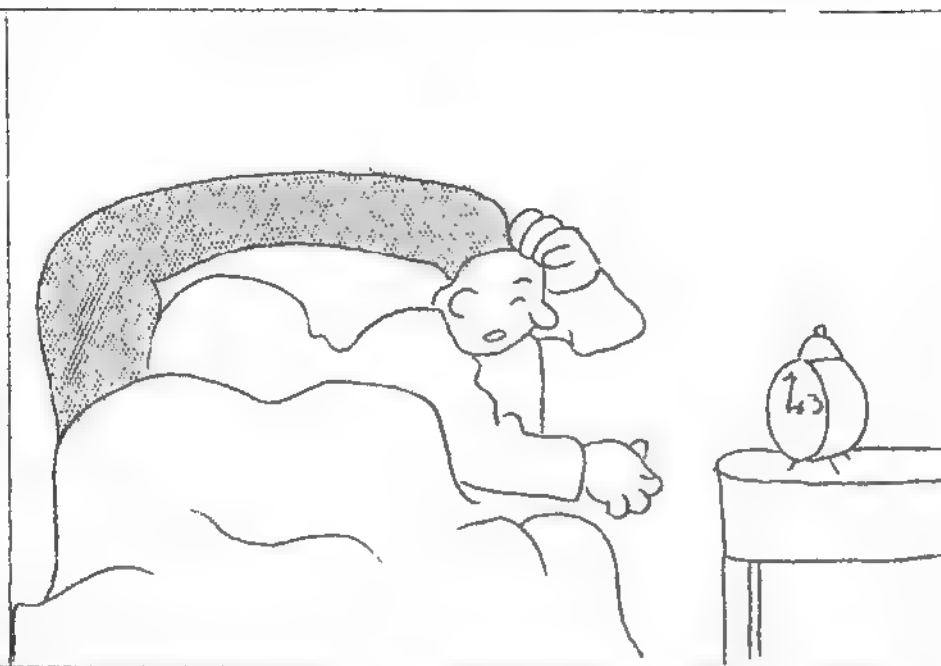
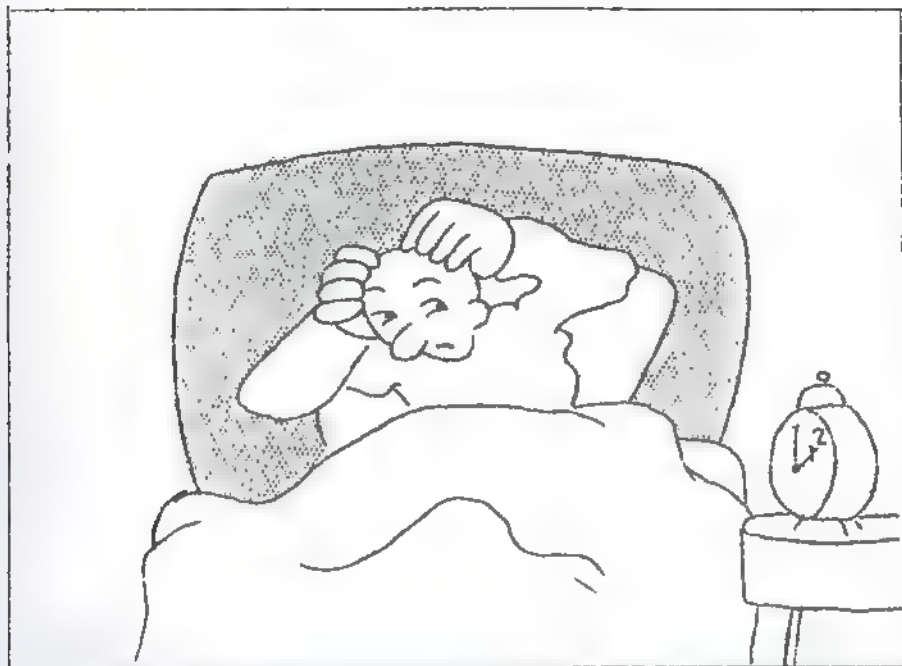
We forgot to mention the fact that he was born in Brockton, Mass. but we figure that Brockton has suffered enough, so 'nuff's 'nuff.

At the ripe old age of seven, the family moved to Brooklyn, N. Y. His food consists of a special diet. F.I. for breakfast, cod-liver oil for lunch and pretzels with limburger cheese for dinner.

For a spell he was present at Cooper Union. Upon graduation from high school he was presented with a scholarship to the Metropolitan Art School. (You don't see any banners waving outside the school, do you?) Claiming that the Federal Art Contest was a fake, he entered to show his friends that he was right in at least one respect. Was his face red when it was announced that he was one of six winners. He has been attending Brooklyn College for the past five years, and admits to himself that it doesn't look as though he'll ever get out.

Once while sketching at City Hall, he fell asleep and was rudely awakened in the morning by the Mayor. It seems as though he picked the arms of Civic Virtue to repose in. Lou enjoys modernistic painting. (Upside-down and sideways.). His mother once bawled him out for using an egg-yolk to mix his colors with. He likes literature and goes all the best shows on Broadway. (Ask Gypsy Rose Lee). His boss has so much faith in him that he only has four people watching him at the same time. He has progressed so far in the Iking Department that Aaron intends to give him slow action scenes so that Lou will be with him for a long, long time.

Before finishing this farce, we will as usual list his former occupations. He worked for awhile for a dental mechanic but quit to become an errand boy for an illustrator. After that he was a floor walker, salesman, sign painter, poster artist and a cartoonist. As present as you probably have gathered by now, he is stationed in the Iking Department.





# The RAMBLING REPORTER

"WHAT IS YOUR PET PEEVE?"

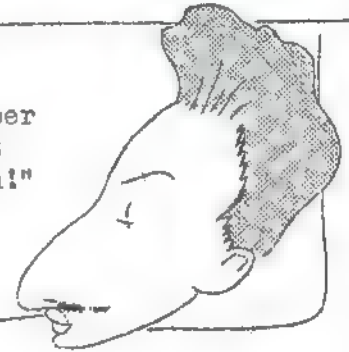


MILTON NADEL

"After inking an entire scene to discover a major change has to be made."

"Being hit by paper clips when least expected....Ouch!"

ZOLLY SZENICS



LEAH BERLINGER

"The guy who gets a set and always asks, 'Ain'tcha got an easier set for me?'"

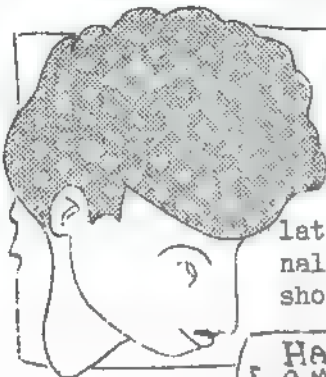
"The saxaphonist(?) across the street practicing his scales."

ELLS BARTHEN



GIL FOX

"Feeling a sneeze coming on while in the midst of inking a long, thin line."



HARRY LAMPERT

"To lose a drawing and have it especially drawn over then later find the original drawing where it should have been."

"Having the elevator operator refuse me admittance to the car because it's all full."



DAVE SALCWAS

JASON

## NOVEMBER.

There comes a time, when life in ev'ry year,  
Brings us the fruitful month, November dear,  
Then golden are the harvests and ripened are the seeds,  
And newly sprung to active life are literary weeds.

Then ev'ry man's a poet,  
And ev'ry word's a song.  
This happened in September,  
And will again ere long.

The qualities November boasts,  
Are mere renewed September ghosts.  
And seven days are still a week,  
And leaves are dancing cheek to cheek.

This month was made for happiness,  
For football games and lots of chess,  
For issues of our magazine,  
And more campaigns to keep streets clean.

But

Friends, city and countrymen, lend me your ears!  
What greater deed's November done these past thousand years?  
What conquests brought he home to rate our special praise?  
What tributaries help us weather gray and cheerless days?  
For this, my worthy thumb with tip of palest rose,  
Ornaments an otherwise unpretentious nose.

Sydel Solomon.

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### ANIMATED NEWS FUND REPORT

Balance in October issue \$577.65

Receipts:

Fleischer Studios for November \$15.

Sale of Paper 20.

\*Repaid on Loans 34. 69.00  
\$646.65

Disbursements:

Loan to a worthy case 50.00  
\$596.65

\*Balance due on loans \$221.

To date the Relief Fund has assisted 20 cases in our  
organization in the sum of \$1165.



# DID YOU KNOW THAT

BY

MILTON  
NADEL





# DOWN THE STUDIO LANE

> BROADWAY SAM <

Betty Palash the lovely opaquer, is now a Greenwich Villager. Dave Salcwas the dot and dash expert, threatened Aaron Krawetz with dots and dots how he got into the Inking Department. The reason Aaron doesn't fire him is because he can't pronounce his name. Edith Vernick is sporting a new permanent wave, also a new coiffure. Leon Jason, the "barrelmore" of the Inking Department, wears coat hangers in his suits to fool the girls whose hearts flutter when they see his V shaped physique. He saves expense by wearing his long underwear over his shoes for spats. Florence Kraemer, our former Jean Harlow, is cooking biscuits for Abner Kneitel.

Leah Berlinger will be among those absent for a week. She is taking a weeks vacation to work up an appetite for her Thanksgiving dinner. Henry Schoenthal is still looking for a cel stretcher. Tom Moore and Marion Halse seem to have a lot to talk about. Who has been sending Ed. Watkins those torrid notes? Robert (Svengali) Barbour continually hypnotizes Aaron into having his desk moved from place to place until it is time to go home. Who are the two girls on the 8th floor that Lenard Kester is interested in? Harry Lampert took Sophie Korff to a pool and billiard exhibition last week. Harry stole the green table covering and now Sophie has a new dress.

Amita Calpini, our beautiful senorita, was watching the Rodeo parade recently from the fifth floor window. Her legs were dangling in mid-air. A gentle breeze blew, the parade stopped and all looked up. Five horses fell down the sewers. She is being sued by Buffalo Bill and Chief Dirty Feet because the public paid more attention to her than to the parade. Ellsworth Barthen the six footer, won the championship in playing jacks. (The big sissy). Gilbert Fox, the wolf, has day dreams of marrying Sophie Korff. He promised her that he would win the handball championship from your correspondent. Seeing what the prize was, I gave him a clear field.

Ralph Avseev and Ellen Jenssen have been taking noon hour strolls. The Library has added "Gone With The Wind" and "It Can't Happen Here" to its shelves. This is a swell time to catch up on some good reading. Joe Stultz, our little story teller, is saving silver paper. Eli Levitan, our sports cartoonist, uses his desk arm light for a microphone, through which he croons his love for Senorita Amita. That streak of lightning you see flashing through the hall is Willard Bowsky rushing for his train. Willard is now a commuter to New Rochelle.



Your correspondent and Frank Buck went hunting in the Jungles of Bronx Park a couple weeks ago. There was a great trembling of the earth felt and there lay a huge monster. I subdued the pre-historic mammoth, later I christened him with a bottle of pickle juice, calling him Milton Nadel. Barnum and Bailey are signing him to mingle with the other elephants. John Bida says nothing, hears nothing, sees nothing and does nothing, but quits on the dot. Dot's something. He painted open eyes on his closed eyelids and his boss, Aaron, thinks he is looking at the cels, but he's really sleeping.

Max Fleischer is getting his share of the Florida sun. Mera Rutchev climbed back on the "smoke wagon" again. Who thought the Bowling Team's new blue shirts were a compulsory uniform to be worn by the department heads? Bert Platt and Aaron Krawetz expect to make that middle aisle trip before the year draws to a close. Harriet LeVine, one of our newbies, and Burton Geller are on the up beat. Ask Larry Lippman to show you that rubber band trick. The corner beanery has a special that's a treat. Ask for a Betty Boop sandwich and see if you don't agree with us.

Send birthday greetings to Vera Coleman on the 19th and to Gilbert Fox on the 29th. Belated greetings to Leah Berlinger who had a birthday on the 1st. To Beatrice Davidoff and Milton Fine who both celebrated on the 4th. To Betty Palash who was a year older on the 5th and to Ruth Lamney who celebrated Armistice Day as her birthday. To you, you and you birthday havers, may you have many many more happy days.

HAPPY THANKSGIVING TO YOU ALL!